Northern Messenger

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'The "Northern Messenger" is a marvel for the price.'—Archibald Lee, Grenville, Que.

W Bronscombe Nov 30 09

Temperance Sunday.

The time has come round that ministers and temperance reformers are looking forward to the observance of Temperance Sunday. This institution had a very restricted commencement. Now it extends to the farthest ends of the earth.

Where there is enthusiasm in the observance of Temperance Sunday it proves an immeasurable blessing. Here all is ready. Pledge sheets and cards have been provided beforehand. I have heard the church secretary announce to the congregation that tables are placed in the lobby, and stewards will be in attendance to take total abstinence pledges after any of the services. In places where this is done it is very probable that the P.S.A. will be canvassed for pledges, and an appeal in the same direction made to every Bible class. Nor will the children be forgotten. I have known the teachers in schools I have visited to have canvassing books or sheets supplied to them, and a goodly number of new pledges has been the result. Where the Temperance Sunday is observed after this fashion, it cannot but be an institution of real and lasting good. All this is due from the church of Christ, in consideration of the fascinations and desolations of the alcoholic temptations.

In some places a further step is taken. After the close of the evening worship there is a united meeting at some one or other of the churches. The pastors and other temperance workers combine their forces for this meeting, and it forms a fitting climax to the Temperance Sunday observance, and shows the oneness of the churches in their witness against the wreck of character, destruction of health, and ruin of souls wrought by alcohol. —'Christian World.'

THE REAL BLACK HAND.

—Drawn by May for the Patriotic Postcard Co., Saginaw, Mich.

Assassination for Money.

John Ruskin said the liquor system was 'one of the most criminal methods of assassination for money ever adopted . . . by any age or nation,' but fiendish ingenuity has exhausted itself in this last effort.

In a former issue of the 'Advocate' attention was called to a system of insurance adopted by some New Jersey saloonkeepers, via insuring the lives of the best of their customers and then encouraging them to drink and be merry—till death mercifully stepped in and terminated a degraded and degrading life. One saloonkeeper is said to have cleared $18,000 by this fiendish work, and boasted that it was the attraction of the insurance system which kept him in the business.

In a recent number of the 'Alliance News' we are told of a case in the Huddersfield County Court, when the solicitor to the Pioneer Life Assurance Company stated that 'it was the practice of the publicans in the lower part of the town to insure their customers and draw the money at death, but as far as the Pioneer Company was concerned, they would endeavor to stop it when they could.' So the British publican is keeping fully abreast of his Yankee brother. As soon as the wretched drunkard has reached the stage when, from the publican's standpoint, he is neither ornamental nor useful, then insure the carcass and 'polish him off' as expeditiously as possible. Words fail me here. The villainy carried on in connection with the drink traffic, under the protection and sanction of the law, and calmly acquiesced in by the people, has touched such a hellish level that if the national conscience does not revolt against this development of evil that conscience must 'be seared as with a hot iron.'

A Young Man's Ruin.

(Flora B. Nelson, in 'Christian Standard.')

During our college days, a bright talented young student won the heart of a beautiful young lady, and they were married. He soon engaged in the drug business, and for a while Heaven seemed to smile on them; but soon an enemy worse than death crept in to bring sorrow and woe, and he became a slave to the demon of drink. Behind the drug counter he learned to partake of the death-dealing poison, and little by little he went down, down, down! That manly face soon lost its freshness, the eyes were strangers to their former brightness, the energetic step was changed to a tottering, irregular one, and the sanctity and happiness of the home were no longer preserved. The heart-broken wife was forced to return to her mother's home, with her young daughter, while the husband continued in dissipation.

The cruel monster did his dreadful work on soul and body and left him many times in the throes of delirium tremens until at last word reached the young wife from a distant city, that during one of these terrible convulsions his spirit departed, and he went into the presence of God.

When the secrets of men are made known in the great judgment morning, what an unfolding of sin and crime will take place. The poor drunkard will not be alone respon-

sible for his own ruin. The druggist and the church member who voted for a continuation of the drink traffic, will share in the fearful respon-ibility of that young man's soul. And this is only one case among thousands who are going down to a drunkard's hell.

Oh, what an army will be arrayed before the judgment seat hopeless, lost and ruined, all through the curse of drink! Parents, watch the steps of your boys, and lead them in paths of righteousness.

A Wise Saying.

Luxury, my lords, is to be taxed, but vice prohibited. Let the difficulty in the law be what it will, would you lay a tax on a breach of the Ten Commandments? Government should not, for revenue, mortgage the morals and health of the people.—'Chesterfield.'

Religious News.

An Egyptian girl student—a Moslem, be it remembered—has just taken her B.A. degree. She is the first Egyptian woman to gain the distinction; but she will probably not long be the only one, for already there are seven government schools for girls, staffed by trained women teachers, from the Women's Normal School at Boulak. The women of Egypt are thus beginning to regain the free and honored position which they enjoyed more than two thousand years before the time of Christ. Then woman was the mistress of the house. She inherited equally with her brothers, and had full control over her property. According to M. Parteref, she was 'judicially the equal of man, having the same rights, and being treated in the same fashion.' She could also bring actions and even plead in the courts. She practised the art of medicine, and as priestess had authority in the temples. To crown all, as queen, she was often the highest in the land. —'Christian Life.'

An independent testimony which appeared in a recent number of the 'Missionary Herald,' organ of the Baptist Missionary Society, deserves to be remembered, for use when the vague generalities about missionary luxuries are indulged in by ill-informed or prejudiced critics. It is that of Mr. Edgar Wallace, a press correspondent. and it relates to the missionaries on the Kongo. He wrote:

What the missionaries have done I can see with my eyes, and seeing, I am prouder of my country and my countrymen and women than ever I have been before. No battle I have witnessed, no exhibition of splendid courage in the face of overwhelming odds, has inspired me as the work at these outposts of Christianity.

I say this in all sincerity, because my sense of proportion is sufficiently well adjusted to allow me to judge rightly the value of the work. And I do not especially refer to the work of the Kongo Balolo Mission. I speak as enthusiastically of the Baptist Missionary Society and the other missions of the Kongo. Somebody down the river told me that there was a difficulty in getting men and women for the missionary work in Kongoland. Speaking frankly as a man of the world, I do not wonder. I would not be a missionary on the Kongo for £5,000 a year. That is a worldly point of view. I do not think it is a very high standpoint. It is a simple confession that I prefer the 'flesh-pots of Egypt' to the self-sacrifice and devotion that the missionary life claims.

Postal Crusade.

Years ago this message came over the ocean and was voiced by type in the 'Union Signal' of Chicago.

'The Infidels are pouring literature into India by the mails. Why do not Christians arise and try to counteract the evil by pouring in a flood of Christian literature?'

''The sequel of the constant usage of the post by Infidels tells its own story now in India.

Those of you who study conditions there, know just what evil has been wrought by the wicked press and the use of liquor. What are we going to do in the coming year to help counteract the evil? Letters reach me from different sources in India asking for the 'Northern Messenger.' Words of appreciation come as well.

Miss Dunhill writes to far Friends of the West:

'From your loving hearts and hands come copies of the "Northern Messenger" bringing messages of the Lord. Accept constant thanks and may the words "He will work" be fulfilled in each paper sent.'

Miss Dunhill is very anxious, too, that those who so kindly remember her, would be careful to weigh their packages of papers. One cent for every two ounces, not one cent for every four ounces as in Canada. A carelessness in this insufficient usage of postage stamps means a heavy expense to those in India receiving papers.

A large number of names to whom papers were sent from the 'Witness' office have had to be dropped for want of sufficient funds. I would like to begin afresh with the new year, and will be glad to receive contributions for the work of sending out 'Messengers' to India.

Faithfully Yours,
M. E. EDWARDS COLE,
169 Nicholas Street,
Ottawa,
Ont.

Work in Labrador.

A VISIT TO ST. ANTHONY'S HOSPITAL.

It is a familiar saying that anticipation gives greater pleasure than realization. The truth of this maxim will be hard to claim in this instance, says Miss E. E. White, secretary of the New England Branch Grenfell Association of America in Boston, writing of her visit this summer to St. Anthony.

As we anchored in port and the smaller boats came rowing out to meet us and greet us, the feeling of deep gratitude took possession, 'to be here,' and, in a measure, a part of this blessed work.

The lights began to glisten and flicker from many windows, all seeming to extend welcome and to speak of hospitality at once.

The larger of these small boats was bringing ashore twenty-two patients to the hospital, gathered from various harbors and coves along the coast. Already the little hospital was sheltering nearly as many as there were cots to receive. The Doctor in charge always meets the large boat, the 'Prospero,' and assists ashore the helpless. All the wheel chairs were at once utilized and the piazza of the hospital soon converted into an extra ward in appearance. The couches in the waiting-room and every available place soon were occupied. A tent near-by contained six cots beside, where tubercular patients were being given a chance.

On what more appropriate place could the text be placed—which stands out so plainly over those doors: 'Faith, Hope, and Love Abide. The greatest of these is Love.'

Following the path a few rods up the hill, we entered the gate to the little house known as the Guest House—a Moravian term—the home of those who are in one way or another helping in the work and are able to find here a place to call home, this little house being the headquarters when frozen in in the winter.

Dr. Wakefield, of London, the doctor in charge for the summer at St. Anthony, gave us every opportunity for seeing the work, and we spent many profitable hours in the wards. Many a larger hospital in our own country with fine appointments is doing far less work than is being done in this little hospital, where many needs are felt in every way. One nurse for the summer months has been doing the work of four. Miss N. R. Bartlett, of the Johns Hopkins, has bravely and energetically borne the burden, Miss Kennedy, the nurse in charge for the past winter, having to take a bit of respite after the severe tax of the long winter. The hospital had also the help of two college men from Yale and Williams—both new to the work—one assisting by day and one by night. The nurse has won the gratitude of many poor souls to whom she has ministered so untiringly. We heard repeatedly words of affection for her.

One commission given me before leaving Boston inspired my whole journey, viz., that of taking a beautiful bronze tablet for a permanently endowed cot in memory of one whose whole desire in life was to do the things pleasing in His sight, and who was especially devoted to medical missions. Her name is among those longest on the list of the Labrador helpers—Martha Theresa Fiske, of Cambridge, Mass.

We were not long in giving this cot to a pale-faced young woman who had left her little home for serious surgical treatment, and in showing her the framed picture which accompanied the tablet, she held it with admiration and recognized the spiritual beauty in the face. We could but feel that the spirit of her in whose memory all this had been given was with us.

A visit to the men's ward found it full to overflowing. In the first cot was an aged fisherman with cancer of tongue and throat. He had only words of gratitude and praise for the relief he had received, and most of all 'for the great kindness shown by both doctor and nurse.' 'Why,' he said, 'here they even take ye in their arms and carries ye; the good nurse, too, comes and does everything she can.'

A boy in a cot in the other corner of the ward, bearing the name 'A Ten Crew,' of Monson, Mass., had his right hand in a bandage, having blown it to pieces with gunpowder. What pleasure would have been that of the Monson boys of that 'Ten Crew' could they have talked with this boy! In another cot was a boy, (Philip) who had suffered the loss of one eye, having by accident driven a hook into it. He had been made most comfortable since the operation in this cot given in memory of a loved one.

The Wolaston cot contained one of the most interesting cases—a young fisherman of only twenty-five, who by accident in falling was becoming paralyzed in the lower extremities and was obliged to pass long days of great anguish. His case would bear being written up in detail. He was a great favorite of the college men.

And so we passed on from cot to cot, each had its own story to tell in the patient, whose only word was gratitude and simple faith in Him whose will he desired to accept.

In this little hospital during July and August there have been entered in the book a list of five hundred calls for service both large and small, and fifty of these have been cases for anaesthetics. If any one desires to increase the efficiency of this work, much is needed by way of enlargement. There is but one small water-tank to supply both wards and the general kitchen. One small stove in kitchen is all there is to meet the needs of sterilizing, etc., and the usual household work of the staff. Another bathroom is a pressing necessity, and fittings in every room of the hospital are wanting. The bed linen is very limited and all surgical supplies need replenishing often. When the last steamer calls in December, it must be good to see essential supplies come in, knowing none can be had again before June. Dr. Grenfell is also hoping to be able to add a children's ward, where they may be separate and have their own nurse.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—Mrs. H. Bolton, Amiens, $2.00; A Friend, Strasburg, $1.00; Knox Church Sunday School, Shedine, $3.00; J. Stanley Card, Lynedoch, Ont., $2.00; Margaret Fero, Lynedoch, Ont., $10.00; S. Fero, Lynedoch, Ont., $10.00; Total.....$ 28.00

Received for the cots:—Mrs. H. Bolton, Amiens, $2.00; A Friend, Strasburg, $1.00; G. A. J. McDougall, Fairy Hill, Sask., 50cts.; Total.. .. ..$ 3.50

Received for the komatik:—Mrs. H. Bolton, Amiens.. .. ..$ 1.00

Previously acknowledged for all purposes.. .. ..$ 1,356.37

Total on hand Nov. 10.. .. ..$ 1,380.97

We have also received the following sums for other special objects in connection with Dr. Grenfell's work in Labrador:—

Mrs. O. J. Showell, Owen Sound.. .. $ 3.50
A Reader of the 'Messenger,' Cornwall.. .. .. 2.00

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1908.

Solomon Chooses Wisdom.

I. Kings iii., 4-15. Memory verses 11, 12. Read I. Kings ii., 12; iv., 34.

Golden Text.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. Prov. ix. 10.

Home Readings.

Monday, November 30.—I. Ki. ii., 12-27.
Tuesday, December 1.—I. Ki. ii., 28-46.
Wednesday, December 2.—I. Ki. iii., 1-15.
Thursday, December 3.—I. Ki. iii., 16-28.
Friday, December 4.—I. Ki. iv., 21-34.
Saturday, December 5.—I. Chr. i., 1-17.
Sunday, December 6.—Prov. i., 20-33.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Some of you will remember the story of the fisherman who one day caught a flounder. The flounder rewarded the fisherman for letting him go free again by promising to give him anything he should ask for. The fisherman kept asking for more and more things until the flounder got so exasperated at his selfishness, and greed that he took away again everything he had given him. There are other fairy stories about people who were given the chance to wish for any three things that they wanted. In all of them we see what stupid things people often wish for, and even when the wishes seemed sensible at first they turned out to be undesirable in the end. Once there was a little boy I knew who kept wishing for a drum. His mother thought he would make so much noise with it that she tried to get him to want something else instead. But as he still wished for a drum more than anything else, she bought him one, and he had had it but a very little while when he broke it open to see what was inside. So, like the fairy story wishes, his went for nothing after all. Did you know there was a story in the Bible about a boy who was given the chance to wish for something and he got what he wished for? But there was something very different in his wish from the other wishes we have spoken of. He thought not of how many things he didn't have that he might want, but rather of how many things he had already, and so he asked for something that would help him do good to other people. We have the story of his wish in our lesson of to-day. His name was Solomon, King David's son, and although he was still only a young man, he was made king after his father David died.

FOR THE SENIORS.

There is something peculiarly fine about the character of Solomon as revealed in this lesson, and it speaks well for the influence of his father David. Whatever failure David made in the training of his other children, he seems to have been careful where Solomon was concerned, so that Solomon could think of his father as one who walked before God 'in truth, righteousness, and uprightness of heart.' Moreover, he was made conscious of the responsibility laid upon him, and it is while his father's influence was fresh upon him that this wise choice was made. Later, under other and evil influences (I. Kings xi., 1-8), he went far away from God and the conditional promise in to-day's lesson (verse 14) had to be revoked. When he died at the age of sixty a worn and disappointed man, unable to satisfy himself with any of the luxuries which he so bountifully procured, he was less fit with all his experience to rule over God's people than was the boy of twenty who pleaded his ignorance as he asked for the gift of God's wisdom. The failure of his life came through self indulgence and self dependence. Had he continued in the way of thoughtfulness for others (verse 9) and humble dependence on God (verse 7), the glory of his reign might well have been doubled or trebled. The young king at the beginning of his reign, however, makes a very pleasing study. The ground he takes of God's goodness to his parents, his present opportunity as the gift of God, his acknowledgment of inexperience and ignorance, and the power of his influence, could be taken by all of us with Christian parentage to boast of. We may not have the position of power which Solomon occupied, but all of us have far more power of influencing others for good or evil than we realize. As the apostle declares (Romans xiv., 7) 'none of us liveth to himself' and it sometimes takes a shock of horror to make a man realize that his careless habit has led another to ruin. We all have great responsibilities not only affecting our own lives, but also those of others, and all can heartily pray Solomon's prayer. In the new dispensation of God's grace we have far less excuse for a failure to keep our charge than had Solomon in the Old Testament times. Through our Lord Jesus Christ we may daily and hourly come to our Father the source of all wisdom and never fear to weary him. (James i., 5.)

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

'Wise unto salvation'; think what significance there is in these familiar words. Wisdom that shines as a star in the forehead, wisdom that wraps the form with dignity like a rich mantle, wisdom that burns in eloquence upon the lips, these all men can not have. If these are the true successes of a human life, then most human lives must be failures. But wisdom that enters as salvation into the heart, all men may have. Hear how St. James describes it, 'The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy.' These are not easy things indeed, but they are things not impossible for any man.—Phillips Brooks, New Starts.

We who are at the threshold of life are making our choice of what our lives shall be, whether lives self-centered, or God-centered. What is my choice?

Opportunity with ability makes responsibility.—Bishop Hunt.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

I saw the other day a story of a boy who had such a remarkable dream that, when I read it, it reminded me at once of this dream of Solomon. He thought that the richest man in town came to him, and said: 'I am tired of my house and grounds; come, take care of them, and I will give them to you.' Then came an honored judge, and said: 'I want you to take my place. I am weary of going to court day after day; I will give you my seat on the bench if you will do my work.' Then a doctor proposed that he take his extensive practice, and let him rest, and so on, and on, and on. At last up shambled old Tommie, and said: 'I'm wanted to fill a drunkard's grave. I have come to see if you will take my place in these saloons, and on the streets as a loafer.' And the boy woke up in horror. But, after all, the dreams were not so unlike, for in this dream and in Solomon's, God was saying, as he does to every boy and girl, 'Ask what I shall give thee.'—Louis Albert Banks, in the 'Sunday School Times.'

'Choosing is a Test of Character.' It is not what we get, but what we choose, not money or poverty, but the love of money; not success in gaining pleasure, but what we seek first, that tests us as to what we really are. What we have and what we do often depends on many things outside of ourselves. What we choose is the work of our hearts and wills.

Bible References.

Job. xxviii., 20-28; xxxii., 8; Psa. lxxxx., 12; Matt. vi., 33; Prov. iii., 13-15; xxviii., 16; Jer. ix., 23, 2 ; I. Cor. i., 30; Col. iii., 16; Matt. vii., 7-12; Dan. xii., 3.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, December 6.—Topic — Commending our Society. VI. By consistent living. Jas. iii., 10-18. (Consecration meeting.)

C. E. Topic.

Monday, November 30.—Planning the betrayal. Matt. xxvi., 14-16.

Tuesday, December 1.—The remorse of Judas. Matt. xxvii., 3, 4.

Wednesday, December 2.—Death of Judas. Matt. xxvii., 5.

Thursday, December 3.—Christ's prayer for Peter. Luke xxii., 31, 32.

Friday, December 4.—Peter the coward. Matt. xxvi., 73-75.

Saturday, December 5.—Peter the brave. Acts iv., 13-21.

Sunday, December 6.—Topic—Judas and Peter, a contrast. Luke xxii., 47, 48, 54-62. (Consecration meeting.)

Our Opportunities.

The value of personal work was under discussion at a convention of Sunday School teachers in a pretty rose-environed country church among the hills, when one of the women from a distance said to the friend by her side:

'I've a great mind to say a word, only, you know, I came to read my paper, and don't wish to appear assertive.'

'But if the Lord has put a thought into your heart, is it not your duty to express it?' The woman rose and was helped to say:

'The white rose petals come flying in through the open windows like happy thoughts, and when in a discussion like this, we throw out the little incidents and experiences that come to our minds, they may carry a blessing, as the scattered rose petals bring fragrance to us all;' and going on she related in a few words an experience of her own, where one encouraging little talk at the close of a suggestive lesson brought three sweet young sisters into the fold of the church.

As she was speaking a woman at some distance turned her eyes toward her, with a look that she interpreted as:

'I am one who needs help,' and as she was leaving the church, soon after, a regretful glance from the same violet eyes made her say: 'I wish I could have spoken with her; I think she is in some perplexity, and now the opportunity is gone forever.'

That the conclusion was hastily drawn, she found just two weeks later, when making one of a driving party to a picturesque little woodland lake, she met this woman, who had come with a party from an opposite direction. The recognition was as mutual as the thought that the meeting was Providential, and strolling away together under the pines, the new made friend said:

'I have been in Sunday School since I was very young, and was converted when only a little girl, but my teacher never had any personal talk with her pupils, and it came about that as I was at all the church services, I was, after a while, looked upon as a member. I am now a Sunday School teacher, but I cannot do personal work, and if I am a Christian it is a very unhappy one. When you spoke of the rose petals being happy thoughts, I felt that I could tell you my experience and that you would understand me.'

'My dear woman,' said Mrs. Taylor, gently, 'your rose petals are all falling into the wind to be trampled under foot instead of carrying fragrance. The Lord needs His witnesses. We cannot lead others where we have not been ourselves.'

'My thought is this,' she replied; 'I am a bush with thorns and green leaves. There is always a hope that I may bloom and carry fragrance, but thus far I have been a disappointment.'

'You must be so no longer. You see for yourself that you must be pruned of your pride, timidity, and all of the little useless branches that have been growing up, making a barrier between you and your Saviour.'

'Yes, I see it now, and this very evening at the midweek meeting, which I always attend, but where my voice has never been heard, I will make my confession and endeavor to put myself where the Lord can use me.'

'That position is only gained by obedience,' said Mrs. Taylor, 'and I think there is a difference between work and service. My carefully prepared paper required hours of work, but made no particular impression, while the thought that bubbled up in my heart just met your need. I was able to serve by taking advantage of my opportunity. You have helped me to learn a lesson, and can feel that your first personal work was with me; that will make it easier for you to speak to the next person, and experience will teach you that in work for Christ, nothing tells like personal work.'—N. Y. 'Observer.'

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

This week there are new members from five provinces: Quebec and Nova Scotia, each have four; Ontario, three, and New Brunswick and Manitoba, one each. Their names are Louilla Durrell, Lillian Chapman, and Ella Stewart, M., Que.; Nellie E. Sawyer, C., Que.; Elsie M. Whynot, Edith M. Merry, and Vida Veinot, N.A., N.S.; Blanche E. Merry, S.A., N.S.; Percival Biggs, N.B., Ont.; May Grant, and Viola Mackie, B.M., Ont.; Myrtle Wood, S.M., N.B., and Charley Smallbone, W., Man. Nellie Sawyer, Myrtle Wood, Ella Stewart, and Viola Mackie, each sent a word of appreciation of the League with their pledges. Viola says 'I will try to live up to its rules, and I hope every one else will try to do the same.' Surely; if you take the pledge, don't forget it all the next day. Edith MacFaul, Ottawa, writes to say she is joining the League, but did not send in the signed pledge. Have you signed it, Edith? Then send it on to us so that we can keep yours with the others.

D., Que.

Dear Editor,—We have been taking the 'Messenger' for nearly two years, and I like reading it, especially the correspondence page, and seeing the drawings. I have three miles to go to school, and in winter it is very cold. I have a brother and sister going to school. It is very nice out here in summer beside the river. I will close with a riddle: How is a lame dog like a problem in arithmetic?

THOMAS HUGHES.

W., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' every Sunday, and like it very much. I read the correspondence page, and as I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, I thought I would write now. I have four sisters and three brothers. One of my sisters is married. We have a new teacher at our school and a new school also. We have a telephone in our house. My brother and my sister go to the High School. We have two driving horses which we call Minnie and Edna. My father is the reeve of McKillop, and runs a brick and tile yard.

EDITH M. GOVENLOCK (age 9.)

F.C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I wrote to you once before, and now I will try to write another little letter. I am just a year older than I was when I last wrote you. I go to school with my sister Gladys who is older than I am. I will be eight years old in April. There are five in my class at school, four other little girls and myself. I was very much pleased when I saw my name in the 'Messenger,' and hope you will not think my letter too long to print. I spent all my holidays in Ottawa this summer with my Aunt Aggie, who lives there.

JEAN H. RITCHIE.

R., Que.

Dear Editor,—We are four little girls who go to school, and little cousin Henry is writing this for us. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday School and like it jolly well. We came from England last April. Pa was a stoker on the 'Dominion.' We had a little puppy named Cuyler who crawled into the oven, and he was burnt quite dead when Ma opened the oven door. We enclose a little poem that Henry wrote. We saw an iceberg coming over. It made a lot of fog around the ship, but we got out of it all right.

Your little friends,
VICTORIA, MAMIE, SUSAN AND
EVA GREY.

AN ODE OF AUTUMN.

In the lovely Autumn weather
When the leaves were red and gold,
We went picking nuts together
And saw two chipmunks bold.

We took our collie puppy,
Who has lately gone to rest,
And of all our dear possessions,
We loved that dog the best.

The dog ran after the chipmunks,
Who ran under a mossy log,
And in spite of all that we could do,
They were ate up by the dog.

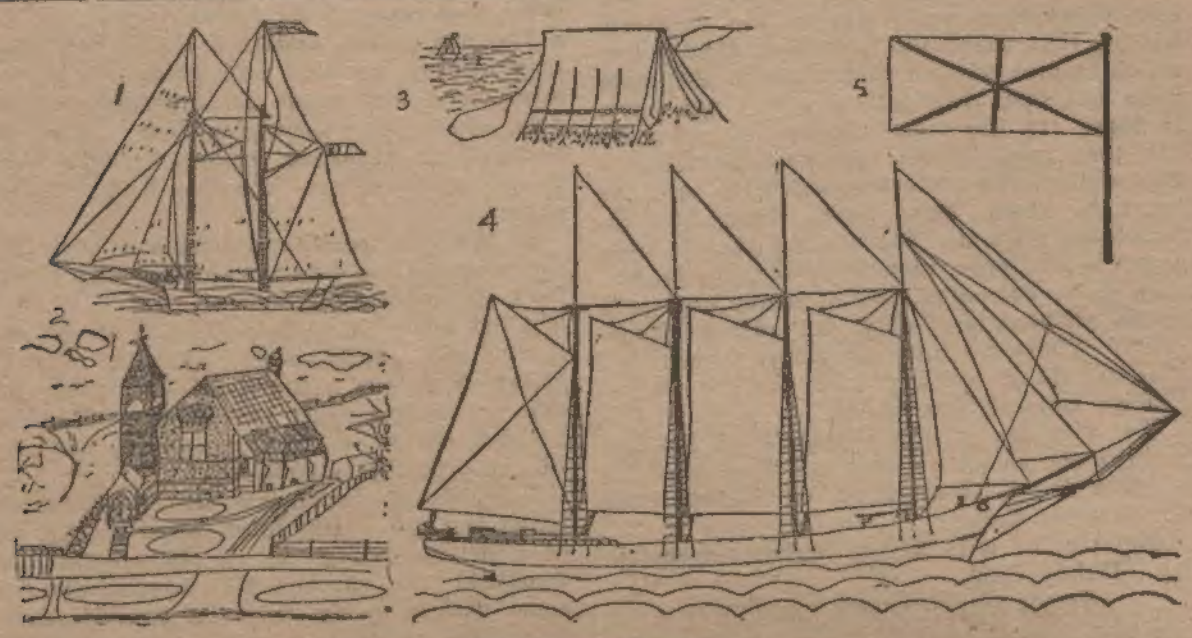
HENRY GRAY.

[Really, Henry, we felt like calling your poem 'Gray's Elegy in an Autumn Wood.' It is certainly mournful enough. Ed.]

M., P.Que.

Dear Editor,—I was reading in the correspondence page and I thought I would write you a letter. I am twelve years old. I go to school and am in the Fourth Grade. I am going to try for the entrance in Shawville Academy. My chum at school is Ella Stewart, she is my cousin. I knew a girl who wrote to the 'Messenger,' Eva Jane Darling, of Callander.

LOUILLA DURRELL.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'The Blue Bell.' Ernest Mills, P.H., N.S.

2. 'Presbyterian Church.' Emilene Dukes, U., Ont.

3. 'A Pleasant Spot.' Marjorie Dixon, Toronto.

4. 'Fair Winds.' Edson Martin, P.H., C.B.

5. 'Flag.' Frances A. Rogers, A., P.E.I.

OTHER LETTERS.

Pansy Galt, M., Ont., sends a ridd'e that has been asked before, however. Pansy is the only girl in the family, so let us hope she is a real 'heartsease.'

Barbara Armstrong, E., Ont., also sends a riddle that has been asked before.

James Meneal, E., Ont., is just seven years old, and he says 'I like to drive the horses.' Can you really manage them yourself, James?

Ernest Mills, P.H., N.S., writes from 'a little seaside village.' Your riddle has been asked before, Ernest. Your drawing is very good.

We also received little letters from Bertha O. Graham, G., N.S., Stella R. Hamilton, B., N.S., and Alma McLaughlin, C., Ont.

Just a word to some of our new friends about writing letters. Write on one side of the paper only, and do not send your drawings on the back of your letters if you want both to be published. Give your full name and address, and if you don't want your full name published, just say so. We will print only the initials or a pen name if you wish, but correspondents must sign their letters with their own names and the same with the drawings. Don't think you have to make your letters short; just make them interesting and as different as possible from any other letters you have seen. If they are too long, why, we will see that that is remedied, and not let any one have too much room. Some of our correspondents think that a letter should be just like others that have been published, but the more different from the others that a letter is, the more sure it is of finding a good welcome. Just try to tell us about something that nobody else has told about, but we are always glad to get letters from our little friends no matter how short they are, and we want again to thank you all for the nice things you say about the 'Messenger.'

Our Pansy Blossom Club.

Get five people who have not been taking the 'Messenger' to give you 10 cents each for a three months' trial subscription. Send us the names and addresses and the 50 cents, and we start the 'Messenger' at once to the new subscribers, and send you six beautiful colored pictures (9in. x 16in.) entitled 'Pansy Blossoms,' suitable for framing. One of these pictures you give to each of the new subscribers and one is for you. We send you also a handsome enamelled Maple Leaf Brooch for your trouble.

Under this Club, the 'Messenger' may be ordered sent anywhere in Canada (except Montreal or suburbs) or anywhere in the British Isles, but the pictures must all go to you to distribute. Some of your friends who already take the 'Messenger' themselves would gladly join your club and send the 'Messenger' to a little friend in the 'Old Country' or elsewhere, and you could deliver the picture to them to send on or keep as they chose. The pictures are really lovely—so real, so richly colored. Everyone admires them. They would make a bright spot in Grandma's room. Even in the kitchen, if mother were hot or tired, these pansies would look fresh and cool and sweet. Or, perhaps, you have a sick friend you want to remember at Christmas? Your 'Pansy Blossoms' would look so refreshing. And if you could not manage to get the picture really framed, you could, with your nimble fingers, mount it on heavy pasteboard, so that it would last a long time. You see then that our 'Pansy Blossom Clubs' open the way for much pleasure all round. See what you can do.

Send the money carefully (by money order, registered letter, or stamps) addressed to John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, and mark both in the corner of your envelope and at the top of your letter inside, the words 'Pansy Blossom Club.'

THIS WEEK'S FLOWER GATHERERS.

The following have sent clubs this week:—Laura E. Merifield, Ont.; Marion Aird, Ont.; Alice Clare Fulton, N.S.; Marion Booth, Que.; Jennie Cameron, N.S.; Alma Mosher, N.S.; Elsie Jackson, Ont.; Essie Upham, N.S.; Julia Stone, Nfld.; Annie Pacey, Ont.; Katie McKay, Ont.; Edna Brown, Ont.; Barbara McPherson, N.S.; Gracie Montgomery, Que.; Sarah Beach, N.S.; Jennie Morrison, Ont.; Nina Dedmair, Ont.; Fannie Tucker, Nfld.; Mary Hill, P.E.I.

BOYS AND GIRLS

What I Live For.

(By Mrs. G. Linnoeus Banks.)

I live for those who love me,
For those I know are true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake:
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold—
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each great design.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

In the Twilight.

(Maurice R. Stanhope, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

It had been a long, sultry day, but just at evening a cool river breeze sprang up and scattered the clouds that had lowered, all the afternoon on the verge of the horizon. Julie stood on the wide porch watching the sunset radiance fading slowly but surely into the gloom. Evening was Julie's 'happy time.' She loved to be alone then to dream out the beautiful fancies at which her brothers and sisters only laughed.

Poor little Julie! She seemed strangely out of place in that large, merry family. She was 'like no one else,' her mother declared sometimes with a smile, that ended in a sigh. The other children were all pretty; Julie, with her pale thin face and wistful eyes, seemed plainer by contrast. The others, from sturdy Rob to wee, rosy-dimpled Maud, were merry, careless, laughter-loving girls and boys. Julie was dreamy and thoughtful, with a loving heart and a sensitive nature. She was, therefore, the 'family joke' (as her father said), and countless were the witticisms indulged in at her expense.

That summer evening, as she sat alone on the dim piazza, the girl's heart was very sad. The next day she was going away to teach in a neighboring town. Had it been Rob, the idol of the whole village, or fair-faced Millicent, or sunny-hearted Ruth, great would have been the regret, but since it was simply little, plain, quiet Julie, no one seemed to feel any great interest in the event. Indeed, her father had remarked laughingly at dinner that afternoon: 'I don't know but what you will be least missed after all, Julie, except for the boys' jokes. You "are" such a quiet little thing, you know.'

And then he had wondered why the tears rolled down her pale cheeks, and Rob had drawn huge caricatures of her almost drowned in tears, each carefully labeled 'Our New Weeping Teacher.'

She had fancied that she would be very glad to escape from their cruel laughter and yet, now that the separation was only a few hours distant, a sudden realization of the nearness and dearness of home came like a revelation to her sorrowful heart.

It grew very dark as she sat thinking. She must go in. She lingered for a moment longer, and then went up the steps to her own room. Rob met her in the hall, looking very downcast for him.

'Well, Julie,' he said, speaking in curiously muffled tones, 'I'm right sorry you're going away to-morrow; and, I say, Julie, I liked that book first-rate. The one you put in my trunk when I went to school last year. You're a good little thing if you "are" no everlasting solemn, and—and—Well, I'm sorry I've teased you so much.'

Rob paused in amazement. Julie's pale face was transfigured into strange beauty in the moonlight.

'Oh! Rob! Rob!' she cried, joyfully. 'Do you really care for me then? I thought nobody did.'

'Care!' Rob looked down at the slight form with a curious sensation. 'Why, of course I do. Why, we all do. Here, little girl, take this along with you. Sorry it isn't more, but the governor "does" keep me so confounded short! And, I say, Julie, I drew this to-night, and meant to keep it myself, but it'll let you know that I "did" care for you a little.'

Hastily putting some papers in her hand, he hurried away, evidently striving to control some new and powerful emotion.

'Poor little girl,' he was thinking, pitifully. 'Poor, dear, little Julie! Who'd have thought she wanted us to love her so much! We needn't have teased her so. Well! well!'

And Julie? She was very happy. She had never imagined, in her wildest dreams, that Rob would ever care for 'her.' In her impulsive manner she had long ago made him her hero, and his slightest smile was sufficient to compensate her for any sacrifice made on his behalf.

Opening the little paper, she saw a drawing of herself, the slender figure, the deep, dreamy eyes, the pale, earnest face—all drawn with loving care by Rob's boyish hand.

* * * * * *

A week has passed, Julie finds it a very lonely one. She is growing accustomed to her new duties, and the boys and girls of the Riverside School like their brave, patient, little teacher very much, but Julie herself misses the merry chatter of her brothers and sisters. Rob's laughing face comes between her and the printed page very often. She longs to feel the clasp of Maud's white arms and hear her mother's cheerful greeting.

So she thinks wearily as she listens to the drowsy hum of many voices in the sunny schoolroom. Suddenly there is a rap at the door; some tiresome member of the school committee probably. She assumes a dignity she is far from feeling as she opens the door. The next moment, with an eager cry, she is clasped in her father's arms, sobbing joyfully, 'Oh, father! father! I'm "so" glad, so "very" glad.'

'I have come for you,' he says, cheerily. 'What do you think of that, little teacher? Why didn't you let us know, you wee, quiet, little girl, that the family comfort depended upon you? There's your mother down with a terrible headache, and insisting that only you have the right touch to banish it. Come, little girl, get your shawl and your sunbonnet, and we'll be home in an hour or two.'

And while she is laughing at his ignorance, he is dismissing the somewhat dismayed scholars.

The rest of the afternoon is a dream to Julie. She only knows that she is nestled close to her father's side with her hand in his, as they drive over the dusty country roads. It is nearly night when they reach home (that dear, delightful place), but the old brown cottage is aglow with light, and Rob and Barbara, and Ruth and Millicent, and Ned and Frank, and even little Maud, are waiting by the gate to welcome her. But Julie scarcely heeds them. She sees only her mother's smiling eyes and hears only her gentle voice.

'Come in, Julie. Come into the light,' the children cry with cheery welcome. And Julie, leaving the darkness and misunderstandings of years behind, comes in and finds comfort and rest.

BOYS AND GIRLS

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For the Sake of Sheffaka.

(After the Narratives of the East.)

(By Mrs. Charles L. Carhart, in the New York 'Observer.')

The head of Abu-Fahad was bent upon his breast as he rode. Not so was he accustomed to lead his Bedouin spearmen on their raids upon the hamlets of the plain. His blooded mare, with dainty forefeet, picked her way among the rolling stones, arching her neck to feel her master's guidance; but the silver-mounted reins fell limp upon her mane: for the mind of Abu-Fahad still lingered at the village camping ground which he had left. The open space was still before him, the ring of kneeling camels with heads turned to the center, the loosened burdens on the ground, the shifting group of Bedouin merchants, bartering, smoking or spreading out their prayer rugs to the south. And then appeared the Christian preacher, Murad of Lebanon, whose custom was to wander in and out among the tribes. Abu-Fahad had heard report about this youth with earnest face and winning speech, but he had never met him face to face before.

Murad's eye fell on the prayer rugs, and he spoke respectfully: 'Yes, truly God is greater; we should ever turn to Him in prayer.'

'His name be honored,' answered Abu-Fahad. 'It is He who giveth victory to the faithful and maketh them to glory over all their foes.'

'Have you never known the greater glory?' asked Murad; 'the glory and the beauty of Sheffaka, Compassion?' and opening his book, he gave his message in eager and appealing words; man's need of mercy and his holy privilege, to show compassion to his fellowman.

And now, while Abu-Fahad rode in silence, wrapt in thought, there grew within him a strange desire, unknown till now, for the angel presence, even in his own fierce heart, of Sheffaka, Compassion.

Thus musing, he overtook a wayfarer, plodding the stony road on foot.

'Rest be to you,' he said.

'The Lord return you rest,' answered the

traveller, but as he spoke he tightened up his girdle, showing his dagger in its sheath.

'Have no fear,' said Abu-Fahad, thinking how readily the day before he would have called upon a footman to deliver up his money girdle and his arms.

They travelled on in friendliness together for many hours. At last they came to a small rill trickling beneath a rock.

'Water is the gift of God,' said the walker, 'let us stop.'

Abu-Fahad alighted from his horse, loosened the bridle to let the thirsty creature drink, and then the two men rested in the path of shade, the spicy smell of mint and thyme adding its sweet refreshment.

'Bread also is the gift of God,' said Abu-Fahad, and loosening his tasseled saddlebags he divided with the stranger the food that he had brought for two days' journey.

'And now let us go on,' said Abu-Fahad, 'and seeing I have had my share of rest, I will change places with you for a while, you riding, I on foot.'

'I beg forgiveness of the Lord,' exclaimed the stranger. 'His curse would be on me for taking such a privilege from one above me in station and in years.'

But Abu-Fahad pressed him and he yielded. As one is carried on the light wings of a dream, so the low-born stranger felt himself borne forward by the fleet-footed creature of the desert. As though he upheld the rainbow, so great was his self-esteem, and the mad purpose seized him to ride away, forever and leave his benefactor to his own folly in trusting to a stranger.

A tightening of the rein was all sufficient, and the highbred animal leaped forward.

'Hold!' cried the astonished owner.

But the new joy of gain was too alluring.

'Contented like the willow,
Whose roots are in the water,'

carolled the usurper with insulting triumph.

'Listen!' cried Abu-Fahad, with a tone of just rebuke which forced obedience. 'You have my mare, I do not ask you to return her, that is beyond my power. I have but one request. For the sake of him who thus enriches you, grant it, I pray.'

The stranger's shamed humanity could not refuse. 'I grant it.'

'This is my request,' said Abu-Fahad. 'Never, by the life which Allah gave you never tell how you obtained your mare.'

'That is not likely,' laughed the stranger, trying to cover his confusion under a garb of insolence. 'But what reason have you for such a strange request?'

Abu-Fahad answered gravely, 'Because then you would be a murderer.'

'A murderer!' cried the stranger.

'Yes,' repeated Abu-Fahad, 'you would kill Sheffaka, Compassion, in the hearts of men. If it were told that Abu-Fahad was deceived, lending his mare in pity to a stranger, then nevermore would any rider lend his mare to help a traveller on.'

The traitor, crushed with guilt, slipped from the saddle, covering Abu-Fahad's hands and feet with kisses. 'Oh, let me kneel on burning coals and beg God for the sake of Sheffaka to forgive my sins.'

Eagerly he forced Abu-Fahad back into the saddle, beseeching him to leave him in his shame.

And Abu-Fahad rode away, again absorbed in thought, but as he turned upon the rocky path he raised his head for one last backward look toward the stranger, and there he saw him kneeling on the ground, his face bent low and buried in his hands.

Dorset, Vt.

'I Thank You, Sir.'

'When I crossed the ocean in my boyhood to seek my fortune in America, all the English I knew was, "I thank you, sir,"' said a gentleman who is now a highly prosperous and respected American citizen.

'That one sentence served me in good stead. The captain and crew of the vessel were Englishmen and it was marvellous how my "I thank you, sir," won smiles and kindness from them. It was the same when I reached New York. When other words failed me I could always say, "I thank you, sir." It was my passport and it opened many a door and many a heart to me.'—Selected.

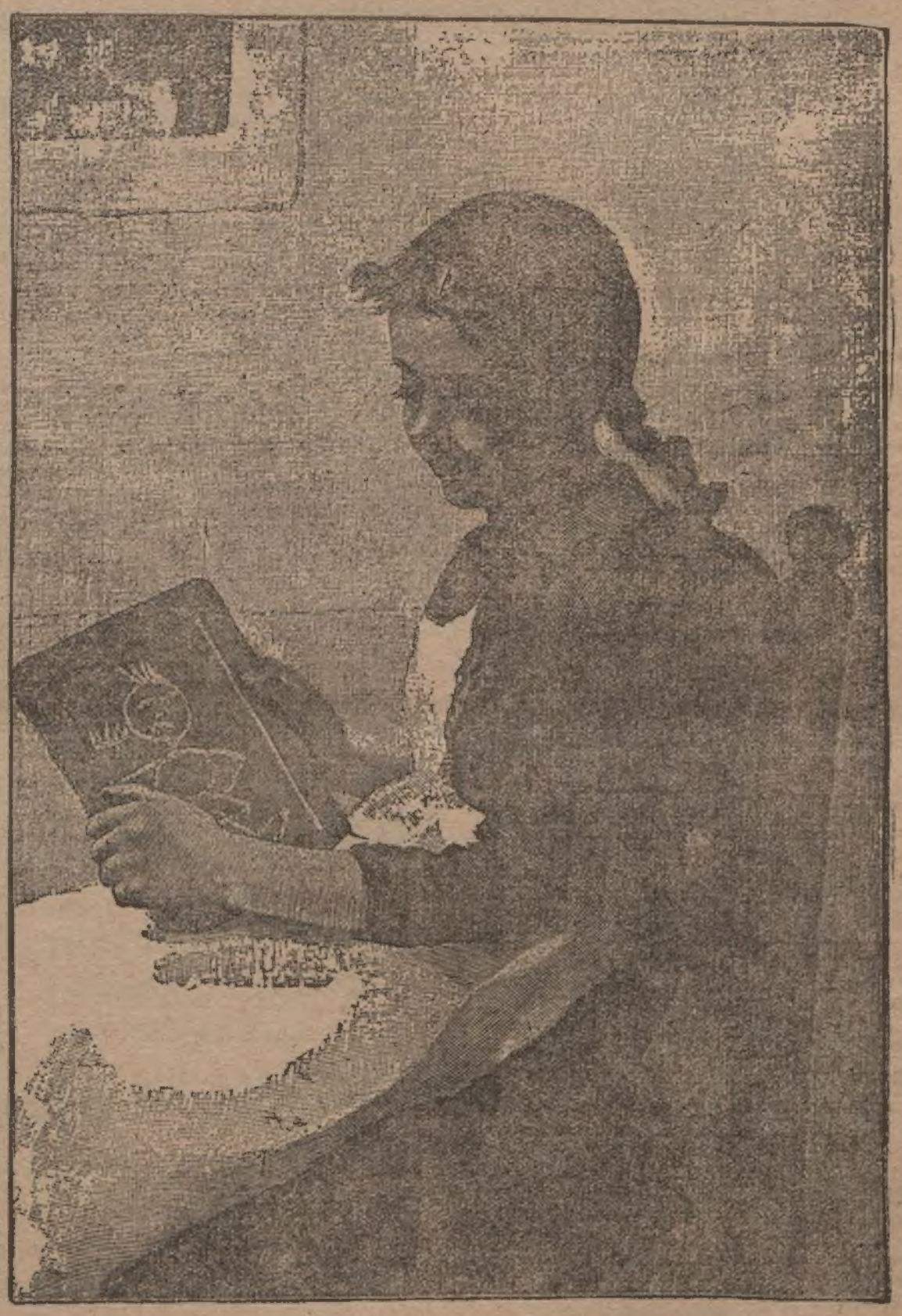
Cassy.

(By H. K., for the 'Messenger.')

I wonder if you have ever lived in a place like Sycamore, way up in the Tennessee mountains, with only two other houses within miles and nothing but rocks and trees and mountains all round.

You might like it in the spring and summer time, but I don't think you would in the winter. There is no snow or ice down there, —only mud, which dries up into dust in the summer, and so the children have no tobogganing, snowshoeing and skating to amuse themselves with, as Canadian children do.

It may sound dull to you, but little Cassy Lewis had never lived anywhere else,—had never even been to school, because the nearest one was twelve miles away across the mountain.



—'Wellspring.'

CASSY AND HER SLATE.

However, Cassy found plenty to do at home chasing chickens, weeding the garden and sweet potato patch, and sometimes helping her mother to spin and weave the yarn into rough grey homespun for their winter clothes.

Sometimes, too, Cassy and the neighbor's children would take their dinner and go off for the whole day, gathering blackberries, or butternuts for the winter.

They used to have great fun playing in the woods, and watching the birds and squirrels.

One day as Cassy was eating her dinner in the shade of a big oak tree, a little grey squirrel came and sat down on the grass quite close to her.

She threw him a big piece of pie, I expected him to run away with it, but he ate it right there, and then sat up to say thank you, chattering away so hard that Casey was sure he was trying to tell her something.

By and by he scuttled away to an old stump close by and vanished underneath.

The children waited till he came out, then ran to look, and there, under a root was the opening of a great big hole full of nuts.

They wanted to take all the nuts, but Cassy wouldn't let them. She said it was so sweet of the squirrel to tell her where his nuts were, that it wouldn't be fair to take more than half.

One day, when Cassy was about ten years old, they moved over the mountain to the village of Sycamore, where the district schoolhouse was.

That was a most exciting time, and though at first she missed her little friends, yet she soon made new ones, and when school began, it was all so new and strange to her, that she could have time for nothing else.

Just think, Cassy had never seen a slate, or even a pencil—none of her friends could read or write, and here she was, learning to do both.

She worked so hard that it did not take her

very long, though she found it was much easier to draw pictures on her slate than to make letters and words.

Now Cassy is head of the school, and when she leaves next year, she wants to learn to be a teacher, and have a school of her own for other little girls who don't know how to write.

Barbara's Lawn-party.

Lawn-parties had been the order of the day in Cliffdale. Mrs. Squires, who had a great expanse of green sward, dotted with trees and gay with beds of brilliant flowers, had been first to set the fashion for the season. Bessie and Katharine Squires were at home from their Freshman year in college, and, naturally, there was a rally of the younger ones at their 'fete.' They had tennis and croquet; boats to accommodate those who wanted to row on the river, and a band that discoursed sweet music at intervals from the vine-screened south end of the veranda. Mrs. Moore gave the next party from four to seven, on a Summer's day, in honor of her visiting cousin, a lady from Boston. Here young matrons predominated, and the husbands appeared one by one when trains brought business people home from town. Other lawn parties succeeded these, each with its brightness of coloring; its peculiar form of pleasing entertainment; its rugs spread on the velvet turf; its small tables for refreshments, and its dainty bill of fare. One mother had a birthday party on the lawn for a pair of twins, aged four, and this included every baby who could toddle, and was, on the whole, the liveliest party of all.

Barbara Mace had been a guest at every lawn-party of the summer, and, indeed, wherever there was anything on foot there you might count on meeting Barbara. She was not a girl, but she was not old. She had no wonderful dower of beauty, but her vivid, dark face, sparkling eyes, and ready smile, had a charm beyond mere beauty. Barbara never seemed to be making an effort, or to be leaving an impression, yet she brought sunshine and sweetness with her, by her grace, tact, and real unselfishness, and nothing was complete without her. To Cliffdale, she had come, a stranger, in quest of rest and country food and air, as far back as early April. Now, in September, every one knew her, and she bore in the conservative old village the sway, and exercised the influence of a prson whom they had known in that vicinage all their lives. Could Barbara have shown them her precious city home, and introduced them to her wide circle of city friends, the people of Cliffdale would have realized that there, too, she was a social queen.

The tree-toads were singing in the lingering twilight; birds were dropping now and then a single sleepy note, and summer visitors were packing their trunks to go home, when Barbara Mace, coming back from a long tramp in the woods, talked over the past weeks and their joys, with her devoted admirers, Bessie and Katharine Squires.

'Yes,' said the latter, 'it's all been lovely, but I'm rather relieved that it's over. Cliffdale will now resume its normal condition, and it will be rather pleasant to have a breathing-spell, before we go back to Vassar.'

'Breathing-spell!' Bess lifted up her hands in amazement. 'Why sister dear, we have the dentist, and the dressmaker, and the seamstress, and shopping in prospect, and simply no end of things to do. I expect we'll be rushed from now to the last day.'

'We ought to have another lawn-party, girls,' said Barbara, positively.

The girls opened their eyes and stared at her.

'Another! Who would come to it?' cried Bessie.

'I shall be hostess,' said Barbara, again with conviction as who should say, 'Here is a duty I cannot shirk!'

'Where do you purpose having your party, Barbara?' inquired Katharine.

'In Mr. Allaire's apple orchard. I'm sure he'll lend it for the purpose.'

The girls waited for further information. Barbara, as they seated themselves beside her in the arbor where there was so beautiful a view of the sunset, was ready to gratify their curiosity. They had been tramping over the hills, and their hands were full of spoil—mosses, vines, flowers. Their cheeks were flushed with health, their eyes were shining. All three young women were pictures of vigor and might have posed to an artist who wanted to put on canvas his idea of the joy of life. To each of them just to be living was bliss.

As they sat on one of the arbor seats, three girls of their own age passed, sauntering down the path, on their way to the shore of the river. Bessie nodded carelessly.

'How tired they look!' she observed.

Tired they did indeed look, Mrs. Squires' Maggie, Mrs. Parks' Susan, Mrs. Wilmer's Norah. All three had been broiling over stoves, and working in steaming laundries for many weeks. Their share of the summer had been to serve others in humble ministry.

They had been well paid, but their labor had been unremitting. Mr. Wilmer usually reached home so late that Norah seldom had an evening. The Parks' household had been continually augmented by company, and Susan had felt worn out for weeks. As for Maggie, the Squires' sisters were well aware that life in their home was no sinecure for the housemaid, although they had a cook and coachman besides.

'Girls,' said Barbara, 'I'm going to give a lawn party for the maids. We'll invite them, some of us will wait on them, others will manage their work at home, and we'll combine the affair with an evening for the housekeepers, who have been taking boarders all summer, and have been left out of the four.'

'Aren't you afraid the maids will be spoiled?' asked Katharine timidly.

'No, dear,' was Barbara's reply. 'Loving kindness and Christian charity never spoiled anybody since the world began.'

The three lingered long outdoors, and when they parted, their plans were outlined. At Bessie's suggestion, Barbara gave up her idea of an added party in the evening for the housekeepers. It was decided to have a big lawn-party, and to make it a picnic, in which social distinctions should be ignored and class lines obliterated. And the heft of the work, the real hard part, was to be done, not by the maids, but by the mistresses; not by the busiest women, but by those who had the most leisure.

Thursday was chosen as the least onerous day of the week, between Monday's washing, Tuesday's ironing and Wednesday's baking. It usually erected a temporary barrier, before Friday's sweeping and Saturday's scrubbing, and alas! Sunday's feasting, came flooding in. Barbara went about in person giving her invitations, and everywhere she left a trail of pleased excitement behind her.

'The saints bless her swate face,' exclaimed Maggie at the Squires', and the sentiment was echoed everywhere else. Barbara's scheme met enthusiastic general approval.

She went about among the girls she knew and pressed into service those who had particular accomplishments, and she did not omit a lad or two, who might have something to contribute.

'The guests of the day will wish to rest,' she said, 'but they will also want to be amused.'

So Tim Squires was asked to give a solo on his banjo, and Lucy Halsted performed on the harp, and Bessie Squires was put on the programme for a recitation. The soft rugs and the easy chairs and rockers, the little tables, and the pretty tea equipages, were taken to the Allaire orchard. Never were sandwiches more delicately made, nor was chocolate more beautifully frothed and crowned with whipped cream till every cup was ambrosial, while the fragrance of the freshly-made tea was like incense.

'There are women here who brew their tea for an hour,' said Barbara, steeping her leaves for just two minutes in the merrily boiling water. 'I have known them to "wet the tea," as they called it, at four o'clock for a six o'clock supper. Two hours beforehand that was. It was concentrated bitterness, as you may fancy.'

Tea and chocolate, buns, dainty biscuits, scones, sandwiches and cake, with ice cream at the end of the 'fete,' made a repast that was fit for any one on earth. The guests enjoyed it, and enjoyed the music and the fun and all the merry-making. On only one point, they took a firm stand.

'We'll help you clear it up, Miss Barbara,' they said.

'We will, indeed, Barbara dear,' added Mrs. Allaire, whose house was full of boarders from garret to cellar.

'Indeed, and you will not,' was Barbara's answer. 'You are to go home properly from my party, and never mind the clearing away.'

She had her own views and she carried them out. The youths and maidens were there to lend a hand, and possibly some of them gained a notion hitherto unknown of the number of steps, the number of dishes, and the number of separate individual hindrances that always go to the clearing away of a meal, to say nothing of the work there is in getting one ready. Barbara's lawn-party was the cap-sheaf of the Cliffdale season.—'Christian Herald.'

Two Fortune's.

(From the French of Coppée.)

Two sisters with their arms entwined, there stand
Before a fortune-teller, bowed with age,
Who slowly turns with feeble, faltering hand
The cards prophetic, like a mystic page.

One dark, one fair, and both as fresh as morn;
One like the flower which blooms in Autumn late,
The other like to Spring's pale, sad first-born,
Together there they wait to learn their fate.

'In life, alas! I see no joy for thee,'
The gipsy said to her, the dark-eyed maid;
'Tell me, I pray, will he at least love me?'
'Yes.'—'"That" alone is happiness,' she said.

'Love on thy heart shall shed no gladdening ray,'
The gipsy said to her with snow-white brow;
'Shall I love him at least, tell me, I pray?'
'Yes.'—'Then for "me" will that be bliss enow.'

Unconscious Influence.

(By A. P. Hodgson.)

A twelve-year-old girl was once travelling in a railway coach with her father. It was one of those raw and gloomy days when there was a general feeling of uncomfortableness. There was a crying baby on the train, and a cross old lady, who found herself sitting in a draught from a neighbor's open window. She turned and glared savagely at the man who had opened the window, and he glared back. A passenger had left his bag in the aisle, and the trainman, stumbling over it, kicked it and muttered ugly words under his breath. A woman asked about the next station so many times that the conductor growled it out and slammed the door as he left for the next coach.

The girl had just asked her father a question. It was this: 'What is unconscious influence?' Her father began to study how he could answer her. It was a very hard thing to define. Just then a young man came into the car. He was evidently a travelling man. He shook off the rain and the sleet from his overcoat, and looked pleasantly round on the company. He spoke cordially to the trainman and conductor, and when he saw a girl struggling with her bag, which she could not put in the high rack, he put it up for her in such a spirit of willing service that even the baby stopped howling to look at him. He grinned gleefully at the baby and its anxious mother, as if a crying baby was not the least disturbance in the world. He did not seem to have the least idea how much sunshine and good cheer he had brought in with him.

The man by the open window put it down, and the old lady who had felt the rheumatism coming over her shoulders thanked him warmly. A man found a red apple in his pocket and gave it to the cross baby which made it willing to sit on the seat while its mother rested. The passenger put his bag where people would not stumble over it, and the trainman and conductor grew very gracious. The girl had been taking it all in.

'What a nice young man!' she said.

'Yes,' answered her father, 'he has been exerting an influence of which he was not conscious, and everybody in this car has felt it.'

LITTLE FOLKS

The Adventures of Teddy.

—From 'Pictures for our Pets.' The Religious Tract Society.

BESSIE AND 'TEDDY.'

Teddy was a little black dog with brown ears and a white nose, and he didn't have anybody to take care of him like other little dogs do, because his master had gone away and left him behind.

At first he was pretty lonely, and by-and-by he felt hungry, too, and there was no one to give him his dinner.

So poor Teddy had to go and look for something to eat. He trotted along the road for a little while, and then he saw a squirrel sitting on the fence. The squirrel was fat and looked as if it would taste nice, so Teddy ran after him, but Mr. Squirrel was too quick and climbed up a high tree, where he said very rude things in squirrel talk.

Teddy went on down the road, feeling hungrier than ever, till he came to the village. There was a butcher's shop there, and Teddy had never been told that little dogs must not go in to butcher's shops and take the meat, so he helped himself to a piece of steak that was lying on a shelf near the door.

Just then the butcher came in and saw Teddy.

The butcher was very angry and kicked poor Teddy right out of his shop, and chased him up the road.

At last Teddy was so tired he couldn't go any further, and besides he had hurt his paw running after the squirrel. So he lay down on the grass under the fence to rest.

There was a little girl called Bessie who lived in that village, and she was walking home from school along the grass when she saw a little black dog in front of her. Teddy sat up when he saw her coming, and held up his paw and looked so miserable that Bessie carried him home with her, and asked her mother if she could keep him.

Her mother said 'Yes,' and then Bessie tied up Teddy's poor little paw and gave him a nice dinner.

Now, Teddy is quite happy, and though he is very fond of the other children, he likes Bessie best. He always follows her about, and jumps in her lap whenever she will let him.

Five Little Brothers.

Five little brothers set out together
To journey the live long day;
In a curious carriage all made of leather
They hurried away, away!
One big brother and three quite small,
And one wee fellow, no size at all.

The carriage was dark and none too roomy,
And they could not move about,
The five little brothers grew very gloomy,
And the wee one began to pout.
Till the biggest one whispered: 'What do ye say,'
Let's leave the carriage and run away.'

So out they scampered, the five together,
And off and away they sped!
When somebody found that carriage of leather
Oh, my! How she shook her head.
'Twas her little boy's shoe, as every one knows,
And the five little brothers, were five little toes.

—New York 'Independent.'

Roy's Backward Lesson.

(By Emma F. Bush, in the Australian 'Spectator.')

The family were at the breakfast table when Roy Edwards came downstairs. He slid into his place between Dick and little Dorris, with a scowl on his face. As he drew the chair up to the table, he managed, by a quick turn of the body, to kick Dick and hit Dorris with his elbow at the same time.

'Roy,' said his father quietly, 'is that the way we have taught you to say "good morning"? Let us see how well you can behave.'

Roy whimpered. 'I am behaving,' he whined.

'Not very well, my boy,' said his father. 'Now sit up to the table and eat your breakfast.'

'I want coffee,' said Roy.

'No,' said mamma. 'It isn't good for you.'

Roy scowled still harder. 'I don't want any old breakfast food. I want toast, and egg, and coffee,' he muttered.

'No,' replied his father. 'No coffee anyway; and you must eat your saucer of breakfast food before you have toast or egg.'

Roy's elbow gave an angry jerk, and knocked the spoon out of Dorris' hand on to the floor. Another quick jerk, and her saucer of breakfast food followed, covering her dress with a sticky, milky stream before the saucer reached the floor, broken. Dorris burst into tears, mamma rushed to rescue the dress, and sister Ruth picked up the broken china and wiped up the floor.

'Roy, you had better leave the table, I think,' said Mr. Edwards.

'I wasn't doing anything at all,' cried Roy, shoving his chair back against the wall as hard as he could,

and stamping over the floor toward the sitting-room.

Mamma sighed. 'Another day when he got out of bed backward,' she said. 'It is worse and worse all the time.'

There was a crash from the next room, and Ruth and Dick rushed to see what the trouble was.

'Roy has broken Dorris' best doll,' cried Dick.

'I didn't,' screamed Roy. 'I only sat her up on the mantel-shelf and she fell off and broke herself.'

'That will do,' said his father. 'You have done mischief enough for one morning. Go upstairs to your room, Roy, and stay there until lunch time.'

Roy walked sulkily up the stairs and slammed the door of his room.

They were all just as mean as they could be. A boy never could have any fun. Somebody always stopped it. Dorris was a cry-baby, papa always unjust, and mamma—here Roy stopped, for the sorrowful look he had seen in mamma's eyes made him feel ashamed. Well, he couldn't help it. Dick was always teasing him and making him feel ugly. It wasn't his fault things went wrong.

All at once he stopped grumbling, for right in front of him stood the queerest creature.

'A fairy,' whispered Roy. 'I did not think there were any, really. But what a queer fairy.'

The queer little mite balanced himself in front of Roy, and, as he danced before him, grew larger and larger, until he was as large as Roy himself.

Although he was facing Roy, his toes turned in the opposite direction, while part of his body turned to one side. He was dressed in a long, loose robe, something like the boys in his picture-book, who lived far away, and seemed to be all twisted, too. Even as Roy looked, he seemed to turn around and twist the other way, but as he looked again, he was facing him as before.

'Do you do how,' remarked the stranger politely.

Roy stared. 'Who are you?' he asked.

'Backward bed of out got who boy the,' answered the stranger. As Roy still seemed puzzled he took him by the arm, turned him around once and a half, then gave him a shake, leaving Roy facing away from him, but still seeing him in the glass, at the same time repeating his remark.

'Oh,' cried Roy. 'I now what you say now. The boy who got out of bed backward.'

'Yes,' said his visitor sadly, and Roy could see in the glass the tears running up his cheeks to his eyes, 'the first one.'

'Is there more than one?' asked Roy.

'Heaps,' answered the visitor, 'heaps and heaps. More and more coming all the time. Look at me! I get more and more twisted every day.'

'Have you been that way long?' asked Roy.

'About four thousand years,' answered the boy.

'Four thousand years,' repeated Roy. 'Why, you don't look any older than I am.'

'That's part of it,' answered the stranger.

'Part of what?' asked Roy.

'My punishment,' his visitor replied.

'You see it's this way,' he said, seeing Roy look at him pityingly. 'I thought it fun at first, and I kept on getting out backward every day. When you once begin it's much easier than the other way.

I lived in a tent in the Great Desert, and people came from all around to see me. From all over the Desert they came on camels and horses. You see no one had ever behaved so before. Every one wondered what ailed me. At last, one day, I struck a horse which wasn't really a horse at all, but was a Desert fairy. She laid this spell on me, and I began to grow backward and twisted, as you see me now. Not until there is a day when no child in the whole world follows the example I set for them can I be free.'

'And that has never happened,' said Roy slowly.

'No, and never will, I am afraid,' said the boy.

'But,' he added, 'I have a chance of release. If for thirteen times thirteen days one boy gets out of bed backward, I can be free, and he takes my place. I have been watching you with a great deal of interest lately, for you have only a few days more. See, you are growing quite crooked already.'

He waved his hand toward the glass, and Roy saw his head slowly turn toward his back, his feet turn around, and felt his whole body twisting out of shape.

Frightened, he opened his mouth to scream, but no sound came. He grasped at the boy who stood beside him, but felt him slip from his grasp. At the same minute he felt himself whirled around for a second, then gently placed on the floor.

He looked for the boy, but he was gone, just the faintest little echo of a voice repeated, 'Remember, it's thirteen times thirteen.'

When the lunch bell rang a few minutes later, Roy took his place quietly, and all through the meal sat very quiet and thoughtful.

'What makes my boy so quiet?' asked mamma.

'I saw the Backward Boy,' Roy whispered, 'and I never will get out of bed backward again.'

'I guess it was a dream,' laughed mamma. 'I looked in your room twice this morning, and you were fast asleep. After lunch you shall tell us all about it, and if the Backward Boy gives me back my sunny Roy once more, I shall not be sorry you met him in the Land of Dreams.'

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

Staying up Late.

(By Alden Arthur Knipe, in 'St. Nicholas.')

One evening when my bedtime came
I didn't want to go,
So mother said I might stay up
For just this once, you know.

And so I stayed and stayed and stayed,
Through all the night, I think,
And never went to bed at all,
Nor slept a little wink.

But when at last the sun arose,
A-shining warm and red,
I found I had my nighty on,
And was sitting up in bed.

How Buster Lost His Head.

Dominick, the black hen, and her family of half-grown chickens, were in the back yard.

'Let's go over in the oat field,' she said. 'They are drawing of the oats, and there will be fine scratching there.'

'The idea of scratching for a living!' said Buster, the pert young rooster of the family. 'I know a trick worth two of that.'

'I know what you mean,' said little Whitey, 'and I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself! You sneak into the shed and steal everything you can find.'

'That's what I do,' replied Buster boldly, 'and I get a good living that way. That's why I'm the biggest of the family. Stealing is lots easier than scratching.'

'I saw Molly whack you with a broom yesterday when she drove you out,' put in Speckle.

'What of it? She didn't hurt any more than a fly. I was in there again as soon as her back was turned. Come in with me now, Brownie, and we'll have a feast out of that cat's dish and the swill pail!'

'No, Brownie, don't go with your naughty brother. Come on to the oat field.' And Dominick led the way, all but Buster following. He sneaked into the shed again, and ate all he could hold.

'Mr. Clay,' said the nurse, coming out on the porch, 'the doctor says Henry may have chicken broth—young chicken.'

'Oh, father!' cried Molly, 'do kill Buster, he is such a thief! I drive him out from the shed forty times a day.'

'The very one that's fit to kill, then,' said her father, going to the shed, where he met Buster coming out; and the first thing that smart chicken knew, he didn't know anything!

'Tip-top chicken broth!' said Henry, smacking his lips that night. 'I'm glad Buster's dead.'

'So am I,' cried Molly.

'Remember, children,' said Dominick to the rest of her brood, 'it is far safer to scratch for a living than to steal.'

—Selected.

Temperance

Railway Employees.

During the last few years among no class of men has there been such rapid progress along total abstinence lines as there has been among railway employees, especially among those entrusted with the motive power and conducting of trains.

Take the testimony of Mr. E. A. Fox, secretary of the Central Passenger Association, as given in the following letter. He says:

'As most transportation companies are organized, all train employees, such as engineers, firemen, section men, ticket agents and depot employees are under the control of the operating superintendent's department, therefore have not the power to employ or discharge, consequently it would not be within their province to undertake to regulate the habits of employees amenable to another head. I know, however, in a general way, that the operating departments in many instances have taken an advanced stand on the question of temperance, going to the extent of adopting drastic regulations, contemplating, I believe, discharge if a man is seen entering a saloon, either on or off duty, and the lines that are most interested in this direction are also interesting themselves to the greatest degree in the material welfare of their employees by the buildings of comfortable and commodious clubhouses, sleeping quarters, etc., at terminal and other points. Regarding the heads and employees of general passenger departments, it is very thoroughly recognized by all concerned that keenness of discernment and accuracy of judgment essential to success cannot be preserved by those addicted to the use of intoxicants, and the number of absolute abstainers that I come in contact with, not only in the railroad but all other classes of commercial business, is certainly very encouraging to the advocates of reform in this particular. It is my personal opinion that the position the railroad companies have assumed on this question has been one of the greatest, if not the greatest influence, that has been exerted since the cause of temperance has been agitated in this country.'—'National Advocate.'

A Just Law.

Now that attention has been turned in many quarters to the saloonkeepers' liability for injuries to persons to whom the drink has been sold, we give here one section of the law of Illinois on this subject. Section 9 of the Illinois dram-shop law, passed July 1, 1874:

'Every husband, wife, child, parent, guardian, employer or other person who shall be injured in person or property or means of support by an intoxicated person, or in consequence of intoxication, habitual or otherwise, of any person, shall have a right of action, severally or jointly, against any person or persons who shall, by selling or giving intoxicating liquors, have caused the intoxication in whole or in part of such person or persons; and any person owning, renting, leasing or permitting the occupation of any building or premises, and having knowledge that intoxicating liquors are sold therein, or who, having leased the same for other purposes, shall knowingly permit therein the sale of any intoxicating liquors that have caused in whole or in part the intoxication of any person, shall be liable, severally or jointly, with the persons aforesaid for all damages sustained, and for exemplary damages.'

It will be seen that the statute is very broad in its scope, and leaves no loopholes for clever lawyers. It should be borne in mind also that under the Illinois dram-shop act it is 'not necessary to state the kind of liquor sold or to describe the place where it is sold.' Neither is it necessary to show that the intoxicated person, whose death or injury has left a wife or children without support, was not an habitual drunkard in order to recover damages from the saloonkeeper who sold the liquor or from the owner of the building in which the liquor was sold.—'National Advocate.'

Civility.

About twelve thousand police in London are able to take care of about four million people. How is it done? Chiefly by moral force, and, above all, by civility. Sir Edmund Henderson, the Chief Commissioner of the force, said on a recent occasion that it was by 'strict attention to duty, by sobriety, and, above all, by civility,' that the police endeavored to do their duty. 'I lay great stress upon civility,' said the Chief Commissioner, 'for I think it is the great characteristic of the metropolitan police force.'

Personal To Rheumatics

I want a letter from every man and woman in *Canada* afflicted with Rheumatism, Lumbago or Neuralgia, giving me their name and address, so I can send each one *Free A One Dollar Bottle* of my Rheumatic Remedy. I want to convince every Rheumatic sufferer at my expense that my Rheumatic Remedy does what thousands of so-called remedies have failed to accomplish—*ACTUALLY CURES RHEUMATISM.* I know it does, I am sure of it and I want every Rheumatic sufferer to know it and be sure of it, before giving me a penny profit. You cannot *coax* Rheumatism out through the feet or skin with plasters or cunning metal contrivances. You cannot *tease* it out with liniments, electricity or magnetism. You cannot *imagine* it out with mental science. *You Must Drive It Out.* It is in the blood and you must *Go After It and Get It.* This is just what Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy does and that's why it cures Rheumatism. Rheumatism is Uric Acid and Uric Acid and Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy cannot live together in the same blood. *The Rheumatism has to go and it does go.* My Remedy cures the sharp, shooting pains, the dull, aching muscles, the hot, throbbing, swollen limbs, and cramped, stiffened, useless joints, *and cures them quickly.*

I CAN PROVE IT ALL TO YOU

If you will only let me do it. I will prove much *in One Week*, if you will only write and ask my Company to send you a dollar bottle *FREE* according to the following offer. I don't care what form of Rheumatism you have or how long you have had it. I don't care what other remedies you have used. If you have not used mine you don't know what a *real* Rheumatic Remedy will do. *Read our offer below and write to us immediately.*

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We want you to try Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy, to learn for yourself that Rheumatism can be cured and we want no profit on the trial. A fair test is all we ask. If you find it is curing your Rheumatism or Neuralgia, order more to complete your cure and thus give us a profit. If it does not help you, that ends it. We do not send a small sample vial, containing only a thimbleful and of no practical value, but *a full-sized bottle,* selling regularly at drug-stores for *One Dollar Each.* This bottle is heavy and we must pay postage to carry it to your door. *You must send us 25 cents* to pay postage, mailing case and packing and this full-sized $1.00 Bottle will be promptly sent you free, everything prepaid *and Duty Free.* There will be *nothing to pay* on receipt or later. Don't wait until your *Heart-Valves* are injured by Rheumatic Poison, but send today and get a Dollar Bottle free. Only one bottle free to a family and only to those who *send 25c for charges.* *Address*

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QUICK WORK.

With this splendid Thanksgiving Number of the 'Canadian Pictorial,' we have had some record sales made by our boy agents. One little lad, working in a large place of business in Montreal, came in and bought a copy to use as a sample. He canvassed at noon among his fellow-employees, secured twenty cash orders, rushed over with his money, and went off smiling, with his twenty 'Pictorials' in hand to deliver, and his fine new watch safe in his pocket.

In another case, one boy of about ten years, took a package to start on, and within twenty-four hours, he had secured his watch, and a sister, who helped him, has a nice fountain pen as her reward.

Still another boy sold twenty-five in one evening, and left our office the next morning the proud possessor of a watch and chain, and extra bonus scarf pin.

Two brothers, working together, sold twenty in one night, and the next twenty in a very short time, so that each now has a good watch.

Not a few of our young people recognize this as a golden opportunity for winning Christmas presents, and they are making the most of it. See our advt. on another page, and lose no time, but let us hear from you at once.

—The 'Morning Leader.'

WHAT WAS NOT SEEN.

Most trades like to show the products of their industry, but it was not this kind of procession that recently marched to Hyde Park to support 'THE Trade.'

..HOUSEHOLD..

What Wonderful Love.

(By Laura Macdonald.)

Where'er the world over my dwelling
I know that my Father is there
In no place however forsaken
Can I be away from his care.

Though poor I have been on my journey
Oft lonely and burdened with care
No way have I travelled so dreary
That He did not walk with me there.

When almost my courage has left me,
Too hard seemed my burden to bear
He sent a sweet message to cheer me
Until I remembered his care.

If even the small flitting sparrow
Is watched by its Maker above
I know that he never will fail me;
I lean on his wonderful love.

West Gore, N.S.

'Must-be-dones' First.

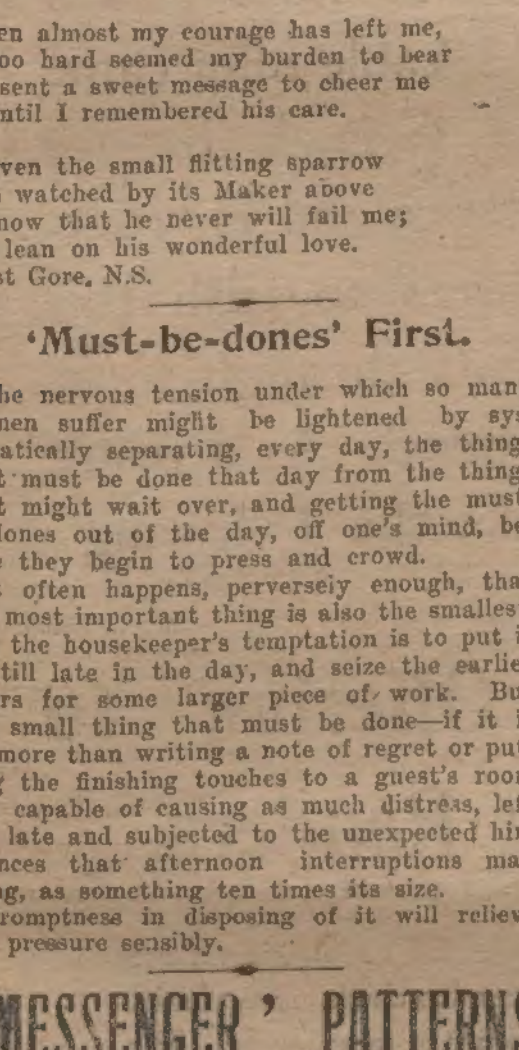
The nervous tension under which so many women suffer might be lightened by systematically separating, every day, the things that must be done that day from the things that might wait over, and getting the must-be-dones out of the day, off one's mind, before they begin to press and crowd.

It often happens, perversely enough, that the most important thing is also the smallest, and the housekeeper's temptation is to put it off till late in the day, and seize the earlier hours for some larger piece of work. But the small thing that must be done—if it is no more than writing a note of regret or putting the finishing touches to a guest's room—is capable of causing as much distress, left too late and subjected to the unexpected hindrances that afternoon interruptions may bring, as something ten times its size.

Promptness in disposing of it will relieve the pressure sensibly.

'MESSENGER' PATTERNS

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.



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2622.—Girls' dress, closing at back.—Tan Venetian cloth with bands of brown and green plaid has been used for the development of this stylish little frock. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years.

2642.—Girls' dress, consisting of a blouse slipped over the head, and a one-piece plaited skirt joined to an underwaist having a shield facing.—In place of the regulation sailor-suit which is always so becoming to the growing girl, this pretty little frock will be found most suitable. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years.

2650.—Boys' blouse or shirt-blouse, with back yoke facing and with or without permanent turn-down collar.—These shirts are adaptable to heavy linen, Indian-head cotton, pongee, or Viyella flannel. Six sizes, 5 to 15 years.

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2630.—Childs' dress, with body and sleeves in one, high or low neck and sleeves in full length or short flowing style.—Any colored serge or mohair is adaptable to this style of costume, with the little yoke of tucked lawn or silk and trimmed with a band of Persian or Oriental embroidery. Five sizes, ½ to 7 years.

Always give the size wanted as well as number of the pattern, and mention the name of the design or else cut out the illustration and send with the order. Price of each number 10 cents (stamps or postal note). The following form will prove useful:—

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Selected Recipes.

WHIPPED CREAM SAUCE.—Whip a pint of sweet cream, add two egg whites, well beaten; sweeten and flavor to taste.

PRUNE SHORTCAKE. — Stew slowly a pound of prunes until they are soft, put them in a colander to drain, and return the liquid to the dish, adding half a cup of sugar. Meanwhile remove the pits from the prunes, add the liquid, and simmer together about ten minutes. Make a crust with half more shortening than for biscuit, bake in one piece, split and butter after baking, spread with the prunes and serve with or without sweetened cream or whipped cream sauce.

CALF'S LIVER, SPANISH STYLE.—Have half a pound of liver sliced half an inch thick, and four thin slices of bacon. Also a Spanish onion and a pinch of dried herbs. Flour the slices of liver and fry them a nice brown on both sides. Transfer to a stewpan, with the fried bacon on top. Slice the onion and fry it in the bacon fat and sprinkle this over the onions, adding the seasoning and the herbs. Pour the fat from the frying pan, rinse it out with half pint of stock, pour this over all, cover closely and simmer for three-quarters of an hour. This may be cooked in a casserole.

To Allay Thirst.

Physicians say, as one told an amateur nurse recently, that the use of cracked ice, to hold in the mouth and allay thirst, has been entirely superseded by glycerine and lemon juice in equal parts. The ice, it has been found, but renders the mouth more parched, as does (to use a familiar example of childhood) the eating of snow. The lemon juice and glycerine is likewise recommended for a slight cough, which it will do much to relieve, besides being extremely agreeable to the taste.

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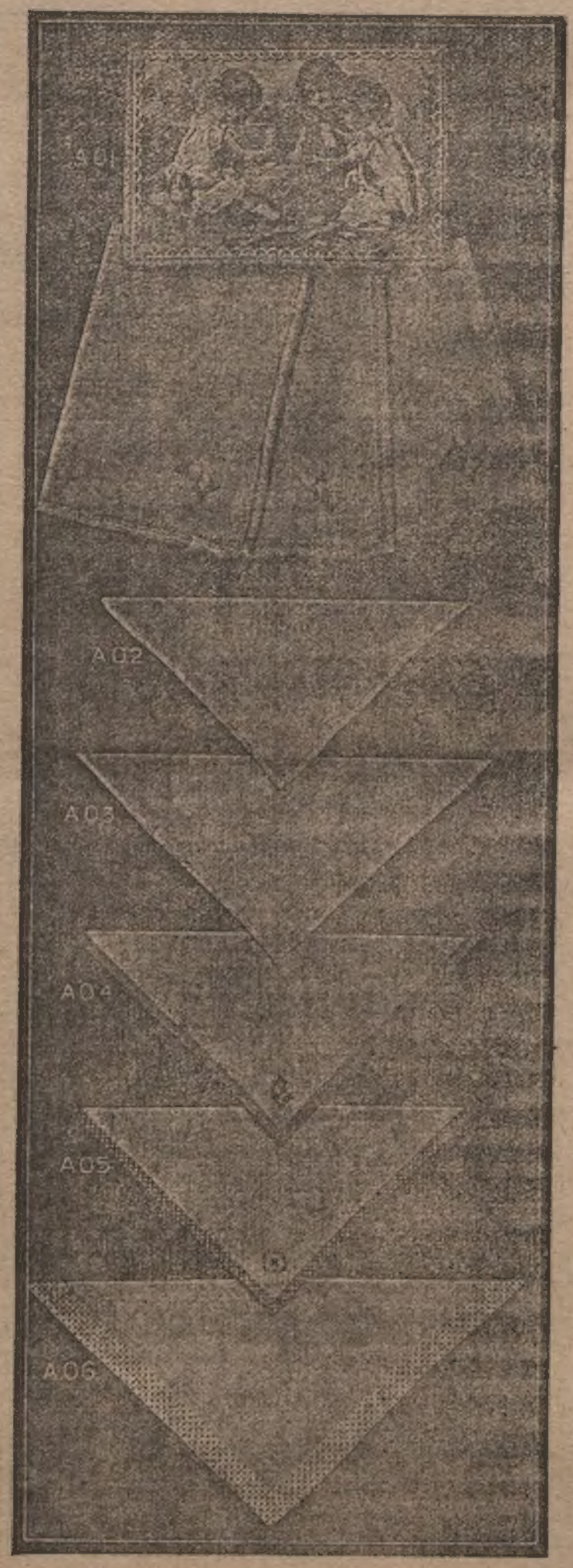
. . . Look at These . . .

Belfast Handkerchiefs



After all our regular buying was done, such a remarkable offer came to us from Belfast, Ireland, that we cabled our acceptance and instructed the manufacturers to rush this lot of handkerchiefs through to us with all possible speed. As a result we're able to make the following

Christmas Offering to Magazine Readers.

Ao1. This is a pretty picture box containing three dainty colored box handkerchiefs, with initial embroidered on the corner in same shade. Per Box - - - - - - - - .18

Ao2. (Here's a Christmas Box to 4,000 customers,) We have 4,000 half dozens of this special hemstitched Irish Linen Handkerchief for Women. We are putting them into dainty Christmas boxes to sell as a great bargain at - - .38
(Not more than one box to a customer.)

Ao3. Women's and Girls' Irish Lawn Handkerchiefs per dozen - - - - - - - .35
Men's same quality, only larger, 5 for - .25

Ao4 and Ao5. Girls' and Boys' Initial Handkerchiefs, with dainty colored border, and Initial embroidered on corner to match, 3 for - - .25

Ao6. Boys' Lawn Handkerchiefs, with white centre and colored borders. Special, 4 for - .25

ADDRESS ORDERS TO

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED

TORONTO, ONTARIO.